THE

# LAW OF HAPPINESS.

## AN ESSAY.

By ROBERT W. PEARSON,

AUTHOR OF THE

DALTON PRIZE "DISSERTATION ON THE ATMOSPHERE CONSIDERED IN ITS CHEMICAL, PHYSIOLOGIAL AND METEOROLOGICAL RELATIONS," &c.

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INSCRIBED TO

REV. JOHN ALEXANDER,

**Pastor of First Baptist Church, Montreal,**

AND TO

T. JAMES CLAXTON, ESQ.,

**President of the Montreal Young Men's Christian Association,**

Chairmen of the respective Societies, at whose request the following thoughts were put together and for circulation amongst whose Members they are at the like request, now issued.

# THE LAW OF HAPPINESS.

MAN is the measure of the universe. According as he is so do all things appear. On earth there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but soul. Man is a perpetual seeker. What is the object of that search?

"Happiness is our being's end and aim." Essay on Man.—POPE.
"Say to all manner of happiness, I can do without thee." Sartor Resartus.
—CARLYLE.

Whether we endorse the Poet or the Philosopher, or neither, the theme is confessedly of interest, and its discussion may be of immediate advantage. The conjunction of terms frequently deemed so opposite and conflicting as "Law" and "Happiness," may at first seem an incongruous association, and suggestive of anything but happiness. Yet reflection will furnish reasons for such a combination, and the progress of our discussion may make its appropriateness manifest.

What we are to understand by the term law, when applied in such a connection as that of the present, has been characterised by the profound and brilliant Erskine in a celebrated argument "as that "which God the Sovereign of the universe, has prescribed to all "men, not (observe) by any formal promulgation, but by the internal "dictate of reason alone. It is to be discovered by a just considera-"tion of the agreeableness or disagreeableness of human actions to "the nature of man." It is that inner law of which Cicero speaks so often, and to which he made his ardent appeals.

It has ever been a conviction with us, that spiritual laws and operations have their analogies, types and symbols more largely and truly exhibited in the material universe than is commonly acknow-

ledged, and that much of the certainty attendant on the forces of nature so called, obtains in the world of mind, that the world without us, and the world within us being alike the transcript of one great Will in action, are pervaded by a unifying bond; that the import and burden of the inspired monition, "see that thou make all things according to the pattern shown thee in the mount," has failed to convey to us, or receive from us its full scope and boundless significance. To me it is matter of reverent admiration that the human mind has so successfully collated the multitudinous facts clustered in space, and systematised its deductions with such marvelous precision as to fix the time when, and the place where there shall re-appear those apparently erratic comets which burst for an instant on the field of vision, and then dart on their pilgrimage of centuries through the vast void. Sublime are the predictions of physical philosophers. I do not hesitate, however, to express my deep conviction that metaphysics hath also her burden of prophecy to unfold. The history of that name may suggest much, as to why the studies indifferently or slightingly termed *metà* after physics, have in past ages failed to rivet attention. I am persuaded that the presence or absence of happiness might with certainty be foretold from given conjunctions of mind and its surroundings, of persons and things, that in fact happiness and misery are no mere peradventure, but governed and determined by necessary laws as silent and invisible, but as compulsory and prevalent as that by which matter is held to its centre, or the steel flies to the magnet. While these principles of government in the region of spirit, affected as they are by the existence and development of a separate and semi-creative will, may present a more perplexing object to discovery, and the application of such laws, when elucidated, require many provisos and qualifications, yet all is feasible, and as a criterion of human conduct to be coveted, and the attainment is a subject of laudable ambition.

Without us, and upon us, laws and forces operate so silently and steadily, and yet at once resistlessly and unobtrusively, that the spectators have shown a tendency to regard the visible world as but the shadow of an invisible region of hidden powers, and the movements of matter so called as but an intimation of the presence of these occult forces, and so uniformly do they work that there has crept in, most illogically, we submit, a disbelief in, and disregard of, the Personal Will that projected and controls all. Unquestionably

these forms were scattered, and their properties or forces imparted to constitute a great museum for man,—a vast schoolhouse of thought. The earth has not been made in vain. "He made it to be inhabited." A prepared abode raises the presumption of adaptation to and fitness in its occupant. Objects are meant to be teachers as well as servants. Nor has any element, introduced during the Edenic dispensation, wrought any radical change. The first of our race violated the law of his constitution, and he was broken upon the buttress of the law. We may not infringe on these spiritual forces with impunity, or without loss. I mainly desire to show and illustrate the truth that the behests and injunctions of the book we hold to be inspired of the Highest, are not accidental utterances, nor arbitrary in their nature; that its restraints are not matter of caprice on the part of the Lawgiver, nor of option on that of the subject, save and except as are all such mandates in the realm of free will, wherein we *may* infringe, but at the fearful penalty of mental incompleteness and spiritual deformity; that within every child that comes on this theatre of being, winged from the open hand of the Eternal to fill its allotted place as a sacred personality, there is garnered an invisible cosmos, ruled by a constitution and system of laws which inevitably necessitate that when written thereon Sin, there shall follow in inevitable sequence Misery,—Hell! And when ingrained thereon Goodness, there shall surely follow Happiness,—Heaven! Every child presents this separate educational problem. What then is happiness? It denotes our temporal relation to objects, and describes that state of being which is attended with enjoyment. So much may be gleaned from any approved lexicon, but if it be the product or offspring uniformly issuing from certain conditions or causes, we must analyse its nature, and discriminate its components before we can, by synthesis, construct a true theory.

Our language has many words that are used by Crabbe, Rogers and others as synonymous with the word happiness, or illustrative thereof, as fortunate, felicity, bliss, joy, &c.

Let us take the word as standing for the aggregate of pleasureable emotions, we derive from external objects and it will be seen at a glance to deal with us as compound beings, as composed of body and soul—mind and matter.

We know nothing of those potent powers in the material world of which we have made mention, but by the changes and movements

visible to the senses, and in like manner we know nothing of the mind of others but through matter. May we not even go so far as to say that we know little or nothing of our *own* mind, but through the veil of matter—know it only by what it does or experiences? And may it not be true that even in future stages of being, matter shall play a more important part than we often conjecture? I would offer this definition of happiness. *Happiness consists in the consciousness of being fully employed in harmony with one's capacities.*

It may be attained here and now, and its first constituent element is simply activity.

1st. To be happy we must have something to do. Man's prerogative is the right to acquire dominion. The Royal Commission is "subdue the earth and replenish it." It is his alone privilege to conceive, execute and bequeath. *He* may labor intelligently. Every man is happy by birthright and if he forfeits it 'tis but as another Esau for a mess of pottage. It is his capacity for happiness that enables him to be miserable. The experience of *ennui* is a credential of immortality. Why brutes never suffer it, is simply because they are incapable of noble delights.

Oh! among all the saddening sights of that melancholy world man has reared upon the elder creation of God none is so saddening as the listless, purposeless countenance of those whose cry is "I've nothing to do," who are at a loss how to "kill time" and thus waste their portion of the great entailed inheritance Time; who are spinning on their own axis in the dark, whose souls are roaming through dry places, blindly seeking rest and happiness and finding none; who are ever doing, but like the restless sea, never bringing forth any product of their toil, but a handful of mangled weed and breaking foam. To such may the seven wonders of the world speak as with trumpet voice, up! thou child of the Eternal one. The realm of the unknown is before thee. Thy soul must first burst upon the lonely sea of enterprise. None but thyself can be the Columbus of thy destiny!

In this question as in others, men learn by a subtle inversion. The child is wholly absorbed by the imposing spectacle of the visible universe; the mysterious and sublime world within only engages the contemplation of the man. We are a mystery to ourselves, a microsm of wonder. We know more of the stars than of our souls. The nearer we approach our true selves the greater the margin of darkness. Happiness, successive generations from a perverse disregard of

of their own nature have persistently sought in something tangible; with approaching manhood the race having tried and tired in the bootless chase will discern that the happiness so fondly yet fruitlessly delved for is neither in this thing nor that thing, is neither there nor yonder, but within, and simply lies in the consciousness of a right relation to time and its concomitants; in the consciousness of being fully occupied in harmony with our capacities.

A solution of the question clearly involves that of the ministry of labor. We are all in quest of happiness, and yet how diversified our occupations and how dissimilar our conditions. No two pebbles taken from the resounding shore are mottled and rounded exactly alike, though wrought upon by the touch of the self-same laving ocean, and no two souls have been placed in precisely the same conjunction of mind and things, and the human will—great architect of circumstances—has never the same materials to deal with in different persons. Yet through all the din of City life and from the quietude of rural haunts, rises the self same cry uttered or unexpressed.—"Kind heaven, Grant us happiness!"

Take but one illustration from the daily habits of some present. The interests of the Merchant are commonly supposed or said to be in his money and to be measured by his profits. But every Merchant was a Man before he was a Merchant, and he will be a man still when the ledger and day-book, with all trace of merchandise shall have been dissolved in flame—aye somewhere and somehow when a new heavens shall bend over a world responsive and reflective in its newness. The changes of life, the fluctuations of commerce or the incident of death, may at any moment remove riches from the merchant or the merchant from his riches; but the relation that has subsisted between them, and the vice or virtue consequent thereon have gone to the moulding of a deathless character. Inside of every Merchant there is a Man. Back of all the distinctions of life and the isms of trade lies essential manhood. Man may not at any time separate himself from what he does or is.

An ancient Philosopher thanked God for his wealth; and when his property was destroyed by fire and shipwreck, he thanked God (it is recorded), yet more because he had been taught the wisdom which left him as well off as before. The possibility of such a boon being ours may not be wisely disregarded. For the end of our commercial, industrial or professional life is not money--you are with

me that it is that to which its possession is supposed to lead—it is happiness and usefulness. If therefore we could be taught to extract as much of these from fifty dollars as we could otherwise obtain from five hundred dollars, the plan would plainly rival the most brilliant investments and offer to our interests a solid and instant advantage.

And yet with how many of us it holds true that at such and such a time we let slip, or more likely crowded out of us by inordinate lust of gold, certain Thoughts that were Inspirations and Designs, that were pure Benefactions each and all fringed with happiness, and which alas, no sums of money can bribe to return and restore peace.

As contributions to the fund of human happiness, who shall estimate in dollars and cents the value of an impulse to unselfish charity; to the dauntless espousal of truth in its contest with error, or of innocence in its struggle with the seductions of vice, and of the spirit of submission to Truth, wherein we regard ourselves as its subject, and not its Lord; its host, and not its keeper; or of conformity to Right in and for its own sake.

"I can starve but not lie," were a proud motto to engrave on any man's escutcheon. None but the true heart is completely happy. Richer far is that man of honest poverty, whose home is a basement or a garret, than the mercenary millionaire whose dwelling is the towering palace that shuts off every ray of sunshine from the artisan's lowly abode, and whose lordly circumstances has, in its inexplicable disparity, mayhap inflicted a more serious loss in at times obscuring beams of the Light of the World.

There is oftentimes much happiness with much wealth. The lawful pursuit of wealth has been the root of all enterprise. It is for the standard by which success is to be gauged: the ideal through whose attraction the goal is to be sought—that we contend. Place the one in the thing for which money stands, the other in the usefulness which it renders possible, and no curse but the smile of Beneficence rests upon the effort, and, be the issue of the chase what it may, the diligent therein shall be happy. Whatever be your calling devote to it the whole of your energies. Whole-heartedness is the herald of victory. It is wholesome to do things with all our might. Wholesome simply means wholeness.

The world of trade and commerce has its standard—the possession of wealth. It seems to act as if it believed that God blesses

those who earn the most: that the best seats in the Kingdom are reserved for such as can pay the highest price for them. We came into being with these habits of thought and customs of commercial life surrounding us like swaddling clothes. We dare not shirk our place in their midst. But we protest against the idea that dominates therein. The Book says, take human nature at its best, be liberal; the commercial world says, take human nature at its worst, be suspicious. The Book says give, sometimes perhaps unwisely, but let your purpose be pure; the commercial world says, consider it a shame to be ever over-reached; and so the struggle goes on until the finer feelings are blunted; the charitable instincts are uprooted, and the man upon the theatre of whose heart these forces are at war, becomes a far different creature from what he would were he governed by the law of his higher, better and truer nature, and not by the idea that permeates the world of gain.

The amount handled and the magnitude of the transactions is of little moment. Would we be happy? There is as much call for obedience to principle in planing a board, using the yard stick, visiting the patient, as in directing a warehouse; interchanging the product of nations, or guiding the destiny of a people. All activity is a failure as to results whose spiritual assessment reveals first and only *self*. Among our great cities passes one on whom were men labelled according to their true history might be read,—"Sold for a quarter of a million dollars, and a stone country seat;" and upon another moral bankrupt, by the self-same rule, might be seen: "Sold for a counterfeit six-pence, and the reversion of a stone jail." Truly God made the earth, but man has made the world.

A numerous class and as many-hued as the rainbow they would fain imitate, are the subjects of another realm,—the world of fashion. A world where the "cut," the "style," is everything; where brain and nobility of nature, vigor of purpose, and energy of pursuit, are nothing; a world of scissors and broadcloth, and ribbons and laces. It, too, sets up its standard of happiness. It is sought in the fashion of things. Poverty is a shame, according to its notion; to be found doing anything useful is to be lessened in its estimation; idleness and frippery are its components; inertia its paradise, and its aristocracy is the shabbiest and meanest known among men.

There are many who make pleasure avowedly the end and aim of their lives. They are near of kin to the last named family.

They have various terms in their vernacular wherewith to designate their "little game." They are "having their fling," "sowing their wild oats," "or seeing the world," and count it the *summum bonum* to "know a thing or two." As though life, with its grand heritage of transporting visions; its legacy of bright hopes; its boundless possibilities, and its budding being, were comprised and summed up in the first few years of an illimitable existence, and those, too, the lowest and basest in the scale of an infinite progression! The heart weeps at the pitiable exhibition of the "men about town," who think they "know life," when they only know all in it that is base, and petty, and tricky, and hollow, and forget or see not the fire that burns behind the delirious laugh, and the tremendous eternity which opens hence and hereafter. Their glory is their shame. Ah me, these votaries of fashion and pleasure so called, decorate themselves with their trophies as children deck their gardens with flowers plucked off and stuck in the ground; they bloom till night, and on the morrow they wither hopelessly away like the short sighted folly they represent.

In these surroundings was their happiness, and with their disappearance or eclipse it fled, and the springless soul shivers and shudders in the cold of satiety or desertion. The Beau Brummel's of fashionable society have proved the vanity of seeking happiness thus, and have confessed it. What shall we say then of that other class? Guilt can attain splendour but not happiness. Glitter is of two kinds; there is the phosphoresence of decay, and death, as well as the glow and brightness of health. Evil recollections haunt like the spirit of the murdered. "Out, out dark spot!" but it will *not* out. Memory will furnish gaunt hands wherewith to grasp in their cold and icy clutch our heart strings. The sheeted host of slaughtered innocents, of purity and virtue offered in sacrifice at false shrines, and the melancholy procession of murdered opportunities *will* take form and voice and pass before us. "Hast thou found me?" "I have found thee!" is the calm reply of the man of God within us, because thou hast given thyself to work "iniquity."

Every true life is a happy one. We believe in the virtue of a bright look and cheerful smile. We owe it to society to be as sunshiny as possible. There are men, the radiance and warmth of whose genial presence is most blessed in its effects. I have heard of the famous statute of Apollo Belvidere at Rome, that those who gaze upon it instinctively stand erect, and I know that in the presence

of some men of well-proportioned life, it is a pure satisfaction to know that we, too, are men. The misanthrope is untrue to the higher laws of his being, the hermit a traitor to duty. But that is unworthy of our capacities, unbefitting our energy, out of harmony with the clear scope of our being, that claims to be happiness, yet cannot bear reflection ; from which one glimpse of reason, one flash of conscience, may suck out all the sunshine, and leave the darkness of Eygptian night.

We need activity, excitement, stimulus if you will, but it must be such as is in harmony with our capacities. It must be conscious and intelligent as distingished from the semi-conscious condition of the inebriate and the befooled condition of the companion of a meretricious wanton. From such delusive mirage of happiness not a few have turned away and experienced a delightful change, so that on the tomb of the heart once filled with death and the grave-clothes of bad habits is now a garden blessed by Angel's visits.

The philosophy of happiness requires illustration as bearing upon a more widely spread class than any we have discussed.—"The poor ye have always with you," and many who move in the lowly duties and in the quiet spheres of toil are subject to peculiar tests and temptations. How often are such met with the question and declaration—"Are you a Church goer?"—"I am." "ah! you belong to those who sacrifice this world's happiness for that of the next.—That does not suit me. You may expect good interest but I don't like the security. I reckon a bird in hand worth two in the bush."—and so on. Be this reasoning never so good it availeth not if the premises be false. It is submitted that they are. In our view we do not so to speak, deny ourselves of a little happiness now that we may have a great deal by and-bye. We look not for spiritual investments that pay the highest dividends. The follower of the Truth as it is in Jesus claims all and everything the world present as well as the world to come can have to bestow, or will yield to the diligent student and indefatigable worker. None but the Christian can make the best of *both* worlds.

The present *is* vastly important. It is more solemn to live than to die. This hour is not one of isolated being. In me the ages meet. I am of eternity in the councils of the Creator. Upon the claims of the present we would not cast a single film. But the present had a forerunner and shall have a successor. The future is its expectant

heir. Doubtless the same vast and expansive laws which rule the eternities and whose efficiency and sublimity issues out of their provision for the minutest detail as well as the greatest event, will also hold good in the parlor and the workshop and the store. But they who truly understand their relations to the realities of eternity will apprehend those of time, while such as seek those of time only will miss both. The greater includes the less. Close the Volume of Inspiration and interrogate the ages. Is there anything fitted to inspire or cause happiness in the unrelieved and normal condition of the great majority of men? We know that in all states of society the majority will be dissatisfied with things as they are and desirous of change, thinking that under other circumstances they would be better than they are, and are like the pendulum ever passing through but never abiding in the wise mean. Consider the question with all proper allowances therefore. Yet the answer must be in the negative,—emphatically there is not. How poor, mean, dispiriting, and contemptible is the sceptical view of existence! Lose this world for the next? Nonsense, man! It is *you* who belittle life by making it begin and end in itself—by making sublunary existence all in all. We talk of the waste of life by accident and disease, of those who are slain by war and sacrificed by famine; the horrors of the pest house and the gory battle field startle and amaze, but what are all these to the waste of life and soul and strength that is going on all around every day? Think of the thousands of homes where women are all eaten away and fretted out by the carking cares and petty details of household labor, and scarcely a season for a meditation or a prayer; or those other women who pine more sadly for want of some nobler interest than the weary motion of a needle to-and-fro, to-and-fro, in whose hands perpetual motion has been discovered if anywhere. Think of the lives of the great multitude of men who go and come and go again, morning, noon and evening; this opening, hurrying and dying of the day, week in and week out, with no refreshment of thought and oftentimes but little of body, no aspiration, no glit in the horizon; no sphere of interest larger than the business machinery of which they form a part, until they come to do their work with the minimum of thought and as by a blind instinct; and all this,—for what? A handful of dust —a handful? Aye a spec whirled away on the wheel of time. Ask them if the hoped for peace and happiness has been embraced; whether the Dove has found a resting place in their hearts amid the tur-

bulent waters, whether life and its toils, in and of themselves, apart from their elicitive character meet man's capacities and harmonise with his being? The indignant protest of humanity will proclaim the negative. There is nothing to be desired in toil for its own sake; Yet it is not for their toil that sympathy is to be given, but for the consequences of their labors, not necessary, but oh! so common, and showing themselves not only in the moral coldness, the intellectual listlessness or the intellect intensified at a point and associated with cynical criticism, but in the darker vices into which so many plunge headlong for the coveted happiness—precipitating themselves into the vortex of licentiousness, the whirl of intemperance and the madness of gambling.

Or grant that the subject of the world's wear and tear is kept back by prudential motives, or blessed prejudices (for there are such), or other spells from these overt acts, these spasmodic tilts with misery and duels with despair, still its fell influences operate and their tendency unrelieved, mark you, is evil and that continually.

No, no; Light and Immortality alone make it possible for all men to be happy here and now. The Cross of Christ uplifted, shall act as the lightning conductor of all time and bury the furies at its feet beneath the affluence of Divine grace.

The professional man, the scholar and the perfunctory divine, if such there be, discover that there is no more healing virtue in what a man thinks than what a man does. The brain regarded as an end in itself is as powerless as the hand to secure happiness. Much study is a weariness to the flesh. Education divorced from Religion is power without corresponding guidance. I may be mistaken, but my conscience would not suffer me to vote for the expulsion of the Bible from the Common school. Knowledge is power, but with bared and trembling hand the sceptre is to be wielded. The Poet Laureate sings wisely—

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee
> And Thou, O Lord! art more than they."

Our first parents proved that knowledge and happiness are not necessarily one, but ofttimes far removed. The Professional man is not less than the Trader exposed to belittleing conceptions of the dignity of labor; and the sacredness of sorrow and the mission of life.

The scholar who comes under the magic influence of Homer's winsome verse; or is captivated by the penetrating marvels of science, or explores the rich bequests of History, may not suffer so violent an assault, but he is assailed and that at his weakest point, be that what it may. The betrayal is with a kiss. No sign, no portent warns of coming peril; no torches flash in the darkness; no tramp of armed men invades the silence of the soul. The spirit of the man like that of the Unique One is betrayed in the guise of affection. Insidiously assailed and undermined in the night-watches; we grow weaker and more torpid; as if our veins had been opened in our sleep and yet we know not that the warm current of our true life is oozing away, and vital strength slipping from us. The oft repeated word loses its incisive ring. The oft repeated petition fails to buoy up the soul and bear it to within sound of the heavenly choir. Conscience has its lullaby sung. Reason sways no longer an impartial sceptre. One band of the affections are inveigled into compromise, if not into disloyalty. The harmony of the faculties ceases. Fullest and highest happiness is unknown. From time to time we summon up our strength but we have no reserved powers to draw upon any more than we have a lease of our breath. Voices call to the individual soul "Come up higher," but they are more and more faintly heard among the Babel of tongues. Stories that once had a potent charm and ravished the soul fall upon a closed ear; objects of pity that moved the emotions once are now passed by with the indifference of a steeled heart—disclosing a loss of feeling far more to be deplored by the passer-by than the loss of a gift by the destitute one. Occasions and enterprises that arouse and stir the great heart of humanity do not arouse us; and impulses that once thrilled us and still thrill others pass over and leave us unstirred. The soul is led away captive to suffer many stripes; to bear many wounds from the war of the inharmonious faculties; to endure many indignities and griefs, and lose much happiness. We came to measure greatness by possessions and not by worth; by the load a man bears rather than what he is, forgetting that the pack of the camel remains when the beast of burden departs; and we think that we must *first* get rich and *then* have high thoughts, noble impulses and live for others, and lo! blessed life whose highest symbol is Home becomes Selfishness, and manhood, whose attitude in its felicity is Aspiration degenerates into mere Routine.

Young man! Young woman! Is the process even now going on?

Has the dust of the journey already settled on your garments? Is your ideal less lofty than of old time,—your standard of excellence lowered? Do the clarion notes of duty sound less distinctly? With experience are you losing the rich dower of youthful emotions? Hold on to the bright vision! On peril of your happiness let it not go. Joy is on the wing. It may not come again for any tears. The intangible, if suffered to depart, may refuse at last to be bought with a price, or wooed with a prayer. Seize the hour and say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me—even me."

Has it not been so in the life-drama of more than one? Have not we revived the old story of the Sibyl, and books of Ancient Rome, and also discovered that the valuable thing is dearer each time it is offered, though there be less and less bounteous store of it? And when the season of visitation has come and been suffered to depart, with its cloud of dewy mercies undropped, has there not followed or come at the hour of awakening to contemplate the toil and chart of a wasted life, a dull aching void; and we have been tempted to give up the battle for dead nothingness, and have said, mayhap, there's nothing for it but to bid the fair and entrancing dream adieu for ever, and go back wearily to the aimless and unhappy existence of the many around us. I say with consideration, that if I had nothing to do but pour the power of my endless life into these surroundings, be they books, pictures, or goods of whatsoever kind, life would indeed become a tangled skein; it would be a huge farce were it not that the very grandeur of our capacities made it a tragedy. Activity alone is not blessed. But that laborer who goes forth at the time of the singing of birds, and at twilight wends his way home to minister to the wants of wife and child, or to beatify the relation of parent and child, brother and sister;—ah! affection gilds that life, be it ever so humble; the beaded sweat becomes a hero's gem, and the lines ploughed over the wrinkled brow mark the victor's march. He has his opportunity,—it is the opportunity of being *poor*,—honestly, grandly, nobly poor, and by his thankful happiness he preaches the kingdom of Heaven within us indeed. Verily in the breaking of bread he sees God. And that other man, moving in more exalted sphere, whence the secret of his tranquility? His labor is carried on with the calmness and dignity of one whose happiness is not bound up in the bales of merchandise, he gathers and scatters at will. He accomplishes so much because he has discovered the secret of repose; the repose which

surely flows from the consciousness of being fully employed in harmony with one's capacities. And who can say with one of this noble peerage of industry, "I feel when I stand at my desk that I serve God with every movement of my pen!" The highest life is religious, *i. e.*, rebinds to God. Activity the most intense is ever the most quiet. The cataract by its sheer force and impetuosity appears very glass. And this very globe, on whose broad surface all our little activities transpire, is at this very moment being whirled through space with a velocity inconceivably great, although with a stillness with which the rustle of a feather is by comparison as a thunder-clap.

"To be happy, contented and blessed."—Life must be characterised by activity energy, enterprise, conquest, but herein lies only one factor in happiness. "Did the Almighty," says Lessing, holding in his right hand *Truth* and in his left hand Search after Truth, "deign to tender me the one I might prefer—in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search after truth." And in the same spirit said Malebranche, "If I held Truth captive in my hand I should open it and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it." "The intellect," says Aristotle, in one passage,—"is perfected not by knowledge but by activity." And Scotus declared that a man's knowledge is measured by the amount of his mental activity *tantum scit homo, quantum operatur* A profound and vital truth is imbedded in these and kindred dictates, but not the whole truth. To be ever seeking and never coming to a knowledge of the truth is to the individual a curse and to the community no gain. It is not mere agitation, but progress that marks the happy mind. The unrest and disquietude that is the outcome of unsettledness as to the primary truths of Knowledge and Destiny, is a condition from which deliverance should be devoutly prayed. Happy the soul that in its intellectual excursions acquires and lays up well tested principles, that like the bird of passage, when prepared for her winter flight, across the ocean, plumes for departure without a feather ruffled or a nerve shaken, and so speeds on her dim and perilous way to the desired haven.

And must there be no cessation? No rest? If we interpret that text "There remaining a rest," as prophetically descriptive of the future (which I do not), and anticipate that its felicity proceeds from its inertness we err—for *there* they rest not night or day. They cease not in the fulfilment of imperious, yet gracious, obligations.

There is a morbid and desperate craving abroad for rest,—only rest; and feelings indulged as if all that was wanted was to lie down in the dark and sleep. "Give us sleep" cried the distant Afries to the immortal Livingstone. Pathetic cry! for under the image of sleep they pictured the stagnation of the grave. Yet Repose is the complement of activity and needful to beauty. And it is precisely this element of Repose which proceeds from the harmony of the faculties upon which we have insisted as an integral element of happiness and of its Law. Repose, as opposed to strain, passion, turmoil, not to consciousness, activity, being. Repose and activity met in the Second Man—the Lord. And were not our conceptions of the truly beautiful obscured, the primary significance of "*O'Kalos*" rendered by us "Good" might be freely used and Jesus would be our "*Beautiful* Shepherd."

Living *in* ourselves is as miserable a thing as living *for* ourselves. We are constituted to need something else. "It is not good for man to be alone." The uplifting of my hand communicates a movement to the invisible air felt at the remotest bounds of space, and appreciable to the Infinite Eye. Not an isolated atom exists, and strange as it may sound God never made an *independent* man. The harmonious exercise of our faculties implies a legitimate place for, and an appropriate development of the Affections.

2°—To be happy we must have something to love. Without the emotional part, our intellectual activity becomes that of wasps sucking from many flowers, but making no honey. Of the pure Intellect unhallowed by emotion the Devil is a type—Satan is Intellect intensified to a point. "Get out of yourself," says a wise philosophy of happiness. Pride whispers "not if I know it," and then comes that desperate struggle of which misery is one running commentary. Think you it is without design that we breathe an atmosphere of mystic and suggestive relationships—That we traverse the regions of Child and Parent, of Youth and Sweetheart, of Husband and Wife, or sustain the positions of Master and Apprentice, of Counsellor and Client; of Principal and Agent; of Physician and Patient, of Merchant and Trader, or take part in the broader inter-dependencies of ignorance and knowledge, of inexperience and judgment? Not one but is educational; not one but calls out the soul. The perfect One hath clothed the truth in fittest words and the text I now quote is like so much of what Jesus said.—"All mine are thine and thine

are mine,"—*or* as he would teach there is neither "mine" nor "thine" but all crystalized into the most perfect beauty, "Ours."

The world has much to give to an open heart and the past much to teach, but human oracles will not always speak, and they ought at times to be silent. There are seasons when another oracle must utter its speech. Our cry is to the earth, but the earth rolls on a silent grave; to the heavens but they are as of brass; we interrogate the ages, but thence proceeds a voice, "Ye have Moses and the Prophets, if ye believe not them neither would ye believe though one rose from the dead."—And there I read such sweet utterances as these—"In me ye shall have peace, and my joy shall be in you. The joy of the Lord is your strength."

3°— "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be blest."

To be happy there must be something *to be hoped for.* I now do no more than suggest in words what has been implied in thought throughout. The past does not wholly satisfy; the present does not always interest; the future is the object which absorbs us. How pregnant with mournful cadence those words of Scotland's gifted son Burns—

"I backward cast my eyes on prospects drear;
And forward, though I cannot see, I guess and *fear*!"

Happiness has its three graces, Trust, Patience and Love, and three shadows dog its steps, Scepticism, Despair and Hate; it reveals its presence in the three realms of Memory, Experience and Anticipation. Happiness may not be in one sense immortal, but if it does expire it is only in its completion—Joy. Joy is independent of circumstances. It is the gift of God, and its possession vindicates the Psalm,—"The good man shall be satisfied from himself." We believe in the capacity of the soul to experience ceaseless development and everlasting progress in truth, purity, love and happiness.

Mysterious as may seem the miseries and defeats of life; the marches and counter-marches of our race, the end and purpose of them all is highest good, is completest felicity, is victory and glory. There is nothing that He has created or permitted within his vast dominions but shall attest his infinite love and illustrate his limitless wisdom. Out of the depths of earthly suffering the soul most truly rises into the heights of celestial rapture. As some black rock rises

from the depths of mid-ocean casting its deep shaded shadow of gloom athwart the waters, until struck with bars of sunshine and flashes of glory into a thing of grandeur. So the life that *is* needs the mantling radiance of the life that is *to come*, the gladdening of its hope at present and the assurance of its blissful fruition hereafter, to tune the beats of the heart to a happy psalm of life. Then life becomes sacred. To sweep a crossing may be to serve God, and he that follows a plough with honest toil may hear a voice out of the burning bush of Revelation, and the lowly place where the spirit worships is a Holy Jerusalem of the Church. The common round, the trivial task, furnish steps to the skies. Daily life rises into the significance of daily sacrifice. He that receiveth a Prophet in the name of a Prophet is to receive a Prophet's reward—nothing less.

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

Having something to do, something to love, something to hope for in happy unison, the whole man will expand. He will energise freely, and, consequently, with pleasure —for pleasure is the reflex of unforced and unimpeded energy. All the products of this state of mind bear the stamp of some excellence and prophecy perfection. Genius is enthroned in this domain. Persistent effort is its conspicuous attribute, and that surely is a prayer of the intellect. Men *may* become happier and stronger if they will. There is nothing more beautiful in creation than each man's private soul when fairly dealt with and elicited. Helen, when she explored Nature for a model of a golden cup that she could fitly offer on the altar of Orana as perfectly beautiful, found nothing more exquisite than her own fair bosom.